

WALLINGTON (Illustrated). By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trévelyan, Bart., O.M.

COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

VOL. XLIII. No. 1121.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the
New York, N.Y. Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 29th, 1918.

Published Weekly. PRICE ONE SHILLING.
Subscription Price, per annum, post free.
Inland and Canadian, 60/-; Foreign 74/-.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

GENERAL LIBRARY
JUN 29 1918
UNIV. OF MICH.

For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR
REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

Dinneford's Magnesia mixed with Spring Water forms a pleasant, cooling and most beneficial drink in Hot Seasons and Climates, and also during Fever.

CHALMERS Highland Tweeds

are without peer for exquisitely soft all-wool lightness with comfortable warmth. No other woven fabric makes up so well and nothing wears like them. Chalmers control unique new shades and mixtures which are extraordinarily pleasing.

Patterns with pleasure, Post Free, to any address.

CHALMERS
OBAN

BRAND'S ESSENCE

OF BEEF, CHICKEN OR MUTTON,
FROM FINEST BRITISH MEATS.

For the Wounded & Convalescent.

BRAND & CO., Ltd., Mayfair Works, VAUXHALL, LONDON.

MESSENGER & Co., Ltd.,

Horticultural Builders and Heating Engineers,
LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

London Office: 122, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.

ALTHOUGH at present engaged upon War Service Contracts, we are prepared to give as much attention as possible to the erection or Heating of Glasshouses (especially those used exclusively for the production of Food), and would respectfully ask our customers to favour us with timely notice of their more urgent requirements during the continuance of War conditions.

"SMOKELESS DIAMOND"

HAS NO EQUAL.

MARVELLOUSLY QUICK!

FAMOUS SINCE 1790.

Schwepes MALVERN WATER

ALWAYS ORDER "SCHWEPES."

To be obtained throughout the world.



BY APPOINTMENT.

TREDEGARS

5 & 7 Brook Street London W 1

PERIOD DECORATIONS
RENOVATIONS AND REPAIRS

Tredegars Ltd.

Mayfair 1012-1033

Gardening FOR Beginners

By E. T. COOK

has now reached
its SIXTH Edition.

The new and enlarged volume contains nearly 700 pages and no less than 250 beautiful illustrations, coloured plates, plans and diagrams.

Price 15/8 net.

By Post 16/2

Please write to-day for full particulars of this invaluable book and for illustrated prospectuses of some of the super-books in the "COUNTRY LIFE" Library, to The Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE" LIMITED, Tavistock St., W.C. 2.

Five Invaluable Booklets.

Vegetable Growing in War-Time

By HERBERT COWLEY (Editor of *The Garden*) 2nd Impression. 8d. net, by post 10d.

Rabbit-Keeping in War-Time

A practical booklet on the best and most profitable methods of Rabbit-Keeping for all Garden Owners in Town or Country. By C. J. DAVIES. 2nd Impression. 9d. net, by post 11d.

Goat-Keeping in War-Time

An invaluable booklet on the best and most profitable methods of Goat-Keeping. By C. J. DAVIES. 9d. net, by post 11d.

Pig-Keeping in War-Time

By C. J. DAVIES. Now Ready. 9d. net, by post 11d.

Bee-Keeping in War-Time

By W. HERROD HEMSALL, F.E.S. (Editor of *The British Bee Journal*). 9d. net, by post 11d.

Published at the Offices of "COUNTRY LIFE," LIMITED, 20, Tavistock St., Covent Garden W.C. 2.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY'S

Commences
MONDAY,
July 1st,

SALE

and continues
for TEN
DAYS ONLY.

Exceptional Bargains in all Departments.



12 only. Model Fur Coats, in Seal dyed Musquash, with handsome collar of Natural Skunk, lined with rich fancy silk. Original Price 55 Gns.

Sale Price 45 Gns.

Country Suit, in fine quality Donegal Suiting. Coat cut on plain, practical lines with belt and large pockets. Plain well cut skirt. In a few good mixtures.

Sale Price 6½ Gns.

Fur Trimmed Coat (75 only) suitable for winter wear, in a few shapes of reliable Velour cloth. Cut on simple lines with large practical collar of selected Seal Coney fur.

Price 6½ Gns.

Very smart becoming Jumper, entirely hand made, new design, in rich quality Crepe de Chine, new shape collar, cuffs, collar, belt and bottom of jumper inset with crepe de chine in contrasting shades. In all new colourings.

Price 49/6

Sale Catalogue post free. These Garments cannot be sent on approval.

WIGMORE STREET and WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

THE BRITISH **BERKEFELD**
Filter
Cylinder
FILTER
Imperial House, KINGSWAY, LONDON W.C. 2.

Robinson & Cleaver's IRISH LINEN

Handkerchiefs, Table-
Linen, House - Linen,
Shirts, Collars,
AT MAKERS' PRICES.

Write for samples and
Price List, sent post free.

Robinson & Cleaver
42a Donegal Place, LTD.
LONDON BELFAST. LIVERPOOL

The REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE Co. Ltd.

Ammunition and Fire Arms.

Owing to shipping difficulties we regret that our products are not available at the present time. As soon as transport difficulties are removed, supplies will be on the market as usual.

BRIMSDOWN, ENFIELD HIGHWAY, MIDDLESEX.

Telephone No.: Waltham Cross 176.

A Friend
in Need
PARA-QUIT
KILLS
PARASITES
PERTUBE 1/3

"SoToL"
Antiseptic Mouth & Throat
BATHS

because the Mouth and Throat are where most illnesses commence, SoToL is indispensable to health. A delightful item in the toilet of cleanly people. All-British. Chemists sell 50 for 1/6; 100 for 2/9; post free from

Western Dental Mfg. Co., Ltd.,
71, Wigmore St., London, W. 1.
SAMPLES FOR 3d. STAMPS.

THE PATENT
Treasure Cot
FOR INFANTS. LIGHT - COMFORTABLE
HYGIENIC - PORTABLE
No draughts or hard substances to mar baby's comfort. Packs small.
Prices from 23/9 post free.
All our Nursery specialities are British inventions and British made. 11ld. Catalogue free.
ONLY ADDRESS—
Treasure Cot Co., Ltd.,
Dept. B3, Showrooms: 2nd floor,
124, Victoria St., London, S.W. 1.
(Next Victoria Palace.)

For cleaning Silver Electro Plate &c
**Goddard's
Plate Powder**
Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLIII.—No. 1121.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29th, 1918.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.

LADY GUENDOLEN GODOLPHIN OSBORNE.

43 & 44, New Bond Street, W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

TELEGRAMS: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON. TELE. NOS.: (EDITORIAL) GERRARD 2748;
(ADVERTISEMENTS) REGENT 760.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: Lady Guendolen Godolphin Osborne</i>	583, 584
<i>The Federation of the World. (Leader)</i>	584
<i>Country Notes</i>	585
<i>Blackbird, by John Drinkwater</i>	585
<i>The Passing of Youth, by Mabel Leigh</i>	586
<i>The Sea-elephants of South Georgia.—II. Written and Illustrated by Robert Cushman Murphy, Brooklyn Museum, New York</i>	587
<i>London Trees, by A. D. Webster</i>	589
<i>Jam</i>	590
<i>Causes of Fruit Failure</i>	591
<i>Country Home: Wallington Hall.—II, by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. (Illustrated)</i>	592
<i>After the Rain in the Country, by Anne F. Brown</i>	597
<i>The Pig-keeping Industry and Food Production, by W. Sugden. (Illustrated)</i>	598
<i>Literature</i>	600
<i>The Necessity of Poetry. (Robert Bridges).</i>	601
<i>Correspondence</i>	601
<i>Tea Rationing; The Case for Small Farms (S. F. Edge); "A Little Wey"; A Remarkable Prophecy (Perceval Seth Ward); Dried Weeds as Rabbit Food (S. Leonard Bastin); "Pudding and Jams"; Spots on Prints; Covent Garden Piazza (Curator of Soane); Purple Loburnum; A Recipe Wanted; Bottling Fruit in Cold Water.</i>	XXX V.
<i>Turf, Stud and Stable</i>	XXXV
<i>The Automobile World. (Illustrated)</i>	XL
<i>Machinery Notes for Modern Farmers, by Ploughshare</i>	XLIV
<i>Modes and Moods (Illustrated)</i>	XLVI
<i>From the Editor's Bookshelf</i>	XLVI

•• We appeal to our readers to send their copies of recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE to the TROOPS AT THE FRONT. This can be done by simply handing them over the counter of any Post Office. No label, wrapper or address is needed and no postage need be paid.

The War Office notifies that all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsgatherers who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, neutral Countries in America, and the Dependencies of neutral European Countries in Africa should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher from 20, Tavistock street, Covent Garden, W.C. 2.

THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD

IN Viscount Grey's pamphlet, "The League of Nations," the strongest argument adduced lies in the analogy drawn between states and individuals. The writer cautions his readers that this analogy is not perfect, but it contains the germ of the idea now set forth by him and insisted upon by President Wilson. "Nothing but experience," he says, "convinces individuals that law is better than anarchy to settle the relations between themselves." Then he goes on to argue that law derives its sanction from the application of force with the great majority of individuals behind it. We all of us agree that it would be anarchy in its worst form to let every man take his own measure to obtain what he considered he was entitled to. It is the same with nations. If we were not aware of it before, the great struggle in which we are engaged shows that war is the cruellest, the most expensive and the least satisfactory method of settling disputes. The nations which prepared for this war are in nowise likely to attain their object. World dominion is something beyond the grasp even of the German military organisation. On the other hand, if the Allies carry out the proposals with which they started, that peace should only be signed in Berlin after the destruction of German military power, it is evident we are in for a struggle which by its attrition threatens the extinction of some nations and will leave a

burden upon the survivors which will be felt by generations yet unborn. Meanwhile, civilisation itself is in abeyance. War is anarchy. It supersedes laws formulated by mankind, and in the end gives the prize to the victor, whether his quarrel be just or no. In the past, barbarian nations cradled in battle armour and nursed and trained to military effort have more than once overrun those that were foremost in the arts of peace and progress but had become effeminate by cultivating refinements and feelings which grow with man's spiritual development.

The proposal to establish a League of Nations is a very lofty ideal. It has brought the United States into the war and is calculated to inspire us and our Allies with a determination to fight to the last ditch. The welfare of humanity demands it. On this point Viscount Grey writes with a decision which leaves no doubt behind it. He points out that the Germans have abrogated all previously accepted rules of warfare, and as examples gives the use of poisonous gas, firing from the sea upon open and undefended towns, and the indiscriminate bombing of great cities. These were all German introductions, and "it was long before the Allies adopted any of these practices even as reprisals. The result has been to force upon the world a ruthless and unlimited application of scientific discovery to the destruction of human life, combatant and non-combatant." Viscount Grey holds that should there be another war in twenty years or so the researches of science will be devoted to discovering methods for wiping out the human race. The Germans are conscious of this, and they propose to avoid future wars by establishing the domination of Germany for ever. But by this means peace cannot be obtained. If Germany were to secure her ends, that is to say, power and prosperity by the submission and disadvantage of others, there is no power in the world that would prevent the nations from banding together and appealing to the stern arbitrament of another war. The world supremacy of Germany is as impossible and intolerable as despotism would be in this country or in the United States.

The alternative policy is that embodied in the phrase a League of Nations. Its essence is an organisation that would ensure mutual regard between states for the rights of each, and a determination to stamp out any attempt at war. Viscount Grey proposes that the Allies should set forth their endorsement of this policy so that the whole world should note the difference between the self-aggrandising ambition of Germany and the determination of the Allies to secure for every state, small or great, the right to enjoy its own institutions and its own freedom. The moral is that there must be no taking the hand from the plough. The obstacle to the realisation of a League of Nations is Germany's militarists. Between them and the German people as a whole a great difference has been established. As against the German nation we have no quarrel except so far as it submits to the present leadership. President Wilson, speaking for the Republic, showed that he and his countrymen have entered the struggle disinterestedly. They seek no territorial gains, they do not delude the population with dreams of huge indemnities as is the way of the Kaiser and the men around him. They have nothing to gain materially, but have entered the arena to fight for the human race. Viscount Grey very properly dwells upon the deliberations which preceded this decision. For two and a half years it remained a matter of doubt whether America would come in or not. During that time the reproach was freely hurled against our youngest Ally by the Germans that they were content to stand aside and amass riches while the older countries were exhausting themselves by warfare. But their action is the best disproof of this charge. They established a contrast with Germany which is assuredly fighting to secure land and money. In the case of Russia the Germans slowed that, although on occasions they could make great pretences of seeking neither indemnities nor territorial gain, when they had the opportunity they acted the historic rôle of Germany, which from its institution has been the Robber State of Europe.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece to this week's issue is a portrait of Lady Guendolen Godolphin Osborne, who is the eldest daughter of the tenth Duke of Leeds.

•• It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY



NOTES

AUSTRIA'S defeat on the Piave may turn out to be an event of outstanding importance in the history of the war. We in this country have been taught by experience to take rather a cynical view of the accounts sent abroad of the condition of the enemy countries, but the reports now current about Austria have an inherent probability which obliges us to attach importance to them. Vienna is undoubtedly short of food, and the German offer of wheat from the Ukraine must be illusory because there must be few supplies left in that country after the systematic looting which it has suffered at the hands of the Huns. There may be some assistance from Hungary, but it cannot be sufficient to meet the wants of the population. The dissatisfaction is reflected in the ministerial crisis which the Emperor Charles is trying to patch up. The events on the Piave cannot but accentuate the great discontent which is already prevalent in Vienna. In another country the signs would point to the certainty of revolution, but Austria's fate has been hanging by a thread for centuries and it would be rash and imprudent to base any calculation on its immediate disruption. All that we can do is to take note of the events which point to serious internal trouble. It must be noticed that the tone of the public speeches delivered in Austria is reverting to those pacific terms which were employed in the depressing months of 1917. One thing certain is that Austria can afford little, if any, further assistance to Germany in the west, and Ludendorff, having, in all probability, gone near to exhausting his reserves in the previous drives, must be hard put to it to find material for the next one. Yet he knows that the fate of his country depends on the next throw of the dice.

ON the whole it is not a matter of surprise that the tone at the British front just now is extremely optimistic. From one who has just landed in England from the battle line we hear that another gigantic attempt by Ludendorff is regarded as inevitable. He is well aware of the numbers of Americans who have landed since March and that if he waits a little longer his chance is gone. He is apparently engaged in organising a drive similar to that which went before, but doubt is expressed as to whether he has the requisite material to make it effective. The calculation of the German Headquarters was that long before this a decision would have been reached, either by the capture of Paris or the taking of the Channel ports. If Ludendorff had thrown into the March offensive every available man, it is possible that he would have broken through. The numbers, at any rate, of the respective armies were entirely disproportionate. Since then the German losses must have been enormous even if we make liberal reduction on the estimates supplied by war correspondents. Whatever part of the line he attacks will be stronger than it was before and the German forces must necessarily be weaker. Hence the confidence of the British onlookers. Yet we would not build too much on it. The Germans have evidently discovered a leader of great talent in Ludendorff, and our people will make a great mistake if they do not put every ounce of energy into their preparation for their attack. A defeat would be fatal to the enemy and of immense consequence to us.

IN the country just now a great deal of discussion is going on about the selection of the 30,000 able-bodied agriculturists who are wanted for the farm. No doubt it was impossible for a tribunal, even constituted of members of the County Council Executive, to please everybody, and one is reluctant to find fault with their decisions. Yet there have been some of a glaring character. In a newspaper report we read of one case in which a farmer had managed to get off eight sons and was almost besought by the Committee to allow one of them to go to the front. The favourite mode of getting sons exempted is to make them farmers. If a man has several holdings, he puts a son on to each. If he is the owner, he makes the son a tenant, and these cases have been regarded favourably by the Committees. They have been put forward usually by lawyers, who do not appear themselves, but tell their clients what to plead. Those who had not the cleverness to do that suffered accordingly. In one case a young man who helps his father to farm 150 acres, of which the greater part is arable, although ten milking cows are kept, was put in Class I. His father suffers from an internal hemorrhage and is unfit for hard work. There is one sister at home who drives the milk cart, and it is impossible to get other than casual labour because there is not a house on the farm and the nearest village is three miles off. He is a very hard-working young man and the father of a small family. It cannot but produce a considerable amount of dissatisfaction when a man like that is taken and his neighbour, also a young man, but in this case unmarried, is put in Class 4, which practically means exemption, simply because his father, who owns the little farm of 100 acres, has nominated him as tenant. In a neighbouring town there are quite a number of wounded men in hospital brought up to farming who could do the work perfectly well.

BLACKBIRD.

He comes on chosen evenings
My blackbird bountiful, and sings
Over the gardens of the town
Just at the hour the sun goes down.
His flight across the chimneys thick,
By some divine arithmetic,
Comes to his customary stack,
And crouches there his plumage black,
And there he lifts his yellow bill,
Kindled against the sunset, till
These suburbs are like Dymock woods
Where music has her solitudes.
And while he mocks the winter's wrong
Rapt on his pinnacle of song,
Figured above our garden plots
Those are celestial chimney-pots.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

WHO is responsible for putting a stop to the sending of parcels to naval prisoners interned in Holland? A naval prisoner, in the course of a letter made public by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, says: "We are being slowly starved. Our rations are small in quantity and very poor in quality. We used to be allowed to receive parcels from our people at home, but that was put a stop to some two years ago." The writer is one of the "Old Contemptibles" who has been interned since the fall of Antwerp in October, 1914. How great is the need of parcels from home is shown by the scale of rations: Six ounces of inferior bread, "quite sodden with water to make it heavier," which has to last all day with a quarter of an ounce of margarine. Breakfast consists of one cup of coffee (inferior and weak) with a scrap of bully beef 1in. by 1in. by 1/4in. For dinner there are four ounces of fish and four ounces of potatoes; at tea, one cup of weak tea and a quarter of an ounce of cheese. There is, it seems, no possibility of buying additional food, and the only chance of supplementing the present starvation scale of rations is to permit relatives and friends to send parcels. Can the Central Prisoners of War Committee do nothing to remedy this flagrant injustice? German prisoners in this country receive parcels in addition to their already generous diet. If the facts retailed by Mrs. Tweedie are accurate, the Government must at least explain its reasons for permitting their continuance.

THE Food Controller has reduced the price of butter from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 3d. per pound. It is a pity he cannot do something of the kind for bacon. There is plenty of the latter commodity in the country and no difficulty is experienced in getting it in rationed quantity. Indeed, restaurants and hotels are now empowered to sell it without coupons. But

the price is prohibitive to the poor people who could do very well without beef or mutton if bacon could be had on reasonable terms. As a matter of fact, its controlled price is higher than that of butcher's meat. Strange stories are abroad, too, of huge quantities having to be destroyed because of not keeping. The excuse made in regard to certain consignments that they did not constitute Government bacon does not amount to much. Whether they were Government bacon or no, the same care should have been exercised over them as if they were. We hope the Food Controller will take into consideration the possibility of reducing the price of bacon at an early date. Of course, one is writing without knowing all the facts, but it seems an anomaly that bacon should cost more than beef.

THE letter on Charges on Land which "A Land Agent" contributes to the *Times* would be rendered still more interesting if we could learn what happened to the farmer in the same years. Figures are given respectively for the years 1913, 1918 and 1919. A farm of 268 acres has remained at the same rent during the whole of the period, approximately 15s. an acre, or £200 for the 268 acres. Out of this £200 a year the landowner had to pay in 1913 £115 3s. 6d. for Income Tax, Tithe, Super-Tax and Land Tax, which left a balance in his favour of £84 16s. 6d. In 1918 these charges had increased to £200 2s. 6d., leaving an adverse balance of 2s. 6d. Income Tax had gone up from £10 to £43, Tithe from £91 to £117, and Super-Tax from £5 to £30. We are taking no account of the odd shillings. In 1919 the case would be still worse. Income Tax has increased, Tithe has been put down the same as before, Super-Tax has increased, Land Tax remains as before, and the adverse balance is reckoned at £17 12s. 6d., or 1s. 4d. an acre. Here is a concrete argument in support of a very general contention. In these days land must be very poor if it is only worth a rent of 15s. an acre, and the landowner who has had his balance of £84 changed into a deficit of £17 12s. on the face of it looks as though he were entitled to claim an increase of rent, but if the land agent can procure the farmer's balance sheet he will put us right on that point.

A QUESTION agitating the rural mind at present is the old one of ploughing up pasture. This promises to be a year of good crops, but on some of the land newly brought in they are very thin. The cultivation, in fact, has not been what it should be, and, therefore, an outcry has arisen against the agricultural policy of the Government. It is no more than might be expected. Farmers have been urged to an entire departure from their usual custom. A great number have entered into the spirit of the thing, and by excellent cultivation have been able to produce quite astonishing crops on unpromising land. Others have gone about the task unwillingly because of the belief in their hearts that it was a faddish proposal emanating from officials and book theorists in London. The results are just as unsatisfactory as might have been expected. What is wanted is education. There is little or no grassland in England which, with proper treatment, cannot be made to bear good corn crops, but the method is more like that employed in reclamation than in ordinary farming. When we add to their disbelief in their method the fact that the farmers have in many cases been short-handed and unable to find either the work or the manure necessary for doing the land well there will be no lack of sympathy with them. At the same time the Food Production Department ought not to relax its efforts to get under the plough as much land as possible. Ultimately it will be found just as easy to produce stock on arable as it is on pasture, and those who have failed at the outset will, in time, learn something from the success of their neighbours.

WE know now what becomes of the meat coupons after they are snipped off by the butcher and restaurateur. The Food Control Committees have orders to collect them and send them to His Majesty's Stationery Office when they will be re-pulped and made into paper once more. This is all part of a vigorous economy campaign which has devised means of using one envelope many times by affixing gummed slips, and has even made itself felt at Buckingham Palace, where, we read, the lists for the Investiture on Saturday morning "were printed on paper which may be described as 'very cheap note.'" This is all to the good, but it does not touch the real evil which consists in the immense volume of what in the Army is called "paper"; that is to say, the countless minutes, memoranda and forms which are passed to and fro between departments, or between sections of the same department, until a respectable dossier has accumulated about

something that, as often as not, would have been disposed of in a City office by one action. The bandying to and fro of these documents is bad enough in itself; but, when we remember that in most cases the whole thing is done in triplicate, the consumption is seen to be colossal. Certainly many an unfortunate officer would regard with gratitude the man who succeeds in damming the flow of paper. To tear open a despatch brought by motor cyclist in the midst of a fierce piece of counter-battery work to find it to be an enquiry as to whether the battery is up to establishment in boot laces and asking for triplicate returns is not to be lightly borne.

MR. CLYNES has promptly taken the frank and most commendable step of getting the order rescinded on which we commented a fortnight ago. The situation now reverts to what it was before; that is to say, the licensed fruit preserver may buy gooseberries up to the extent of his sugar supply. This will be a great convenience to the large grower and will enable the jam maker to include in his collection the produce of those small growers who, under the direction of the Executive Committees, are to bring their fruit to a central hall. The only matter for regret is the discouragement that has been given to those who grow fruit for household purposes. They can make jam only to the extent of using 6lb. of sugar per head of the household—that is, speaking roughly, 14lb. or 15lb. of jam—a very insufficient supply for the winter. It has not, perhaps, made much difference in the case of gooseberries which have been a very light crop, but raspberries, black currants and red currants are much more plentiful. So are those hybrid berries which have come so much into fashion of recent years, such as loganberries and lowberries. It would be a great point if the small growers could be supplied with as much sugar as would enable them to turn into jam as much of this kind of fruit as they have available. On another page it is suggested that the end might be gained by allowing each vendor of fruit to obtain at just a little over cost price a quantity of jam in proportion to the fruit supplied. This is a plan that could be carried out without friction or disturbance, and country people would appreciate the consideration shown them.

THE PASSING OF YOUTH.

What is thy sleep, this sleep of which men speak?
What can it be to one so full of fire?
Of hope, of joy? It is not sleep we seek
In yonder promised land of heart's desire.

Within the darkness of the bordering night
I saw thee go, on star-encompass'd way,
Towards the dawn that pearl'd the hills with light
Midst lillied fields, wide spread in fair array.

I saw thee go to Life that flows in streams
Past golden cities, where youth finds his crown;
No shadow sleep, no languor of pale dreams
Could hold thy splendid heart nor bind it down.

MABEL LEIGH.

MANY of our readers must remember the drawings of the British front in the Balkans by Acting-Corporal W. T. Wood which were reproduced in the issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* for February 16th. It will be recalled that as we went to press news had reached us of Mr. Wood's appointment as official British artist on the Balkan front. The pictures reproduced in *COUNTRY LIFE* and some sixty others are on view during June and July at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. The mastery of detail which made Mr. Wood's work especially valuable to the military authorities in Salonika occasionally restricts the decorative effect of his paintings, but that he is not tied to that manner the exhibition gives ample evidence in such pictures as "Mont Pelion from the Ægean Sea" and "Gibraltar." The purples, blues and greens of the Balkans with the rose-coloured light of day upon the mountain tops are beautifully recorded in many of Mr. Wood's water-colour drawings, and in pencil sketches the delicacy of his work shows to advantage. The Committee of the Canadian War Memorials Fund and the trustees of the Imperial War Museum have wisely availed themselves of this opportunity of securing pictures of a battle front where much has been effected under extraordinary difficulties and of which comparatively little has been heard.

OUR readers will not forget that this week the new arrangement comes into operation by which newsvendors are not allowed to accept newspapers on sale or return. Those of our friends who have been in the habit of purchasing their

copy of COUNTRY LIFE casually at a railway or other bookstall ought now to take the precaution of ordering it beforehand. That is the only way of being served. Many of them already know what it is to be disappointed. Not a week passes without complaints reaching the office that someone has wished to purchase one or more copies of the journal, but has been unable to buy them at the accustomed shop. This

does not happen so frequently with COUNTRY LIFE as with some other papers, because ours is a journal which people are fond of keeping, and therefore the majority of our readers are subscribers. The casual reader will be well advised to add his name to the list. We may take the merit for COUNTRY LIFE that it does not quickly grow old, and no house will be the poorer for having a file of it.

THE SEA-ELEPHANTS OF SOUTH GEORGIA.—II

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY, BROOKLYN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

SIX years ago my boyhood speculations were vividly revived when the opportunity came for me to go sea-elephant hunting in the manner of the New England pioneers. The long voyage to South Georgia in the New Bedford whaling brig *Daisy* belongs to another story. In November, 1912, we dropped anchor in one of the numerous fjords of that sub-Antarctic



A YOUNG BULL WITH AN EXPRESSION OF BLAND GOOD NATURE.

island, and for fifteen weeks I lived among the most extraordinary seals in the world.

The "pups," as the offspring of "bull" and "cow" sea-elephants are incongruously termed by sealers, had been born about two months earlier in the southern spring, and by the time of our arrival had become rather independent, frequently entering the water and playing with one another in schools, particularly at night. During the day whole nurseries of fat pups, 4ft. or 5ft. in length, lay asleep on their sides or backs, often piled one upon another like so many sausages. Even when I walked among them and stepped over them they usually slumbered as though anaesthetised, rarely stirring except to scratch themselves with the nails of their flippers or to yawn. A vigorous prod would arouse them, but, after momentarily attempting to look ferocious by showing their ridiculous little peg-like teeth, they would fall back again with closed eyes and a sigh of resignation. They did not object very seriously even to having their chins scratched.

The mating season of the adults had followed quickly upon the birth of the pups, and during November herds comprising animals of all ages lay, sleeping and fasting, in the tussock grass behind the beaches until they were ready to go to sea again in December. The patriarchal bulls, whose unwieldy bulk and long snouts have given the species its vernacular name, were rather scarce; but huge carcasses, stripped of blubber and rotting on the beaches, were constant tokens of their abundance in former years.

Shortly after the New Year, 1913, sea-elephants, rejuvenated and fattened by active sea life and a diet of fish and squid, began to return to the land, congregating in summer colonies behind the open beaches. The females

appeared first, the large bulls mostly staying in the sea until February. During the latter part of February 18ft. bulls came out on the beaches frequently, and on the last day of the month we killed a gigantic brute which measured from snout to hind-flippers 21ft. 4in., or almost twice as much as a walrus. Seven men could barely turn its body over with the aid of ropes and hand-holes in its hide, even after half the blubber had been removed and a trench had been scooped under one side of the carcass. Female sea-elephants are relatively small, seldom exceeding a length of 9ft. and a weight of 600lb. or 700lb. They lack altogether the long snout of the bulls, the face of an adult female rather resembling that of a pugdog.

Sea-elephants have contentious dispositions and are given to fighting among themselves from earliest puphood, yet fondness for company is one of their marked traits. An animal coming out of the sea is obviously not contented on a lonesome shore. It wanders about nervously between brief resting periods and soon returns to the water, perhaps feeling that it *must* find someone to quarrel with. When landing, it crawls slowly up the strand, stopping to let the waves break over it and taking advantage of every swell to aid its progress. When it has reached the upper beach it rises to its full height and reconnoitres. Then, proceeding a little farther, it repeats the action, or if it spies none of its kind it may take a siesta before continuing the search.

A large, wind-swept, moraine beach on the Bay of Isles, near the north-western extremity of South Georgia, was a



AN ANGRY BULL.

He is rearing to attack the author. The hinder parts are resting on the bed of a glacial pond. It is interesting to remark that the sea-elephant opens its jaws to a wider angle than any other living mammal.

favourite place for sea-elephants of all sizes to "haul up." One end of this beach, below the site of my camp, was covered with hummocks of tussock grass and a dense growth of "Kerguelen tea" (*Acena*), the remainder being a stretch of fine shingle nearly bare of vegetation, and enclosing four ponds or chains of ponds which were fed by some of the innumerable glacial streams that cross it. During December about 250 sea-elephants were summering on various parts of this beach, and even after the sealers had sent these the sad way of their forefathers, whose bones lay scattered far and wide, others came up from time to time.



THE SEA-ELEPHANT'S STERN.

The powerful "propellers" of an adult bull.

When we first arrived groups of the animals were occupying three different types of lairs, namely, the depressions or troughs between the tussock hummocks, grassy places on the banks of the streams and fresh-water ponds, and pockets of stagnant, fluid mud around the edges of the terminal moraine behind the beach-plain. Each cluster of sea-elephants lay as closely together as possible during the daytime, and all the lairs had a strong swinish smell. The younger animals of the groups near the ponds entered the water more or less and indulged in many fights there; those in the mud holes lay engulfed to the eyes and seemed to wallow thus for days at a time. At night all were noisiest and most active, some roving about, for in the morning I often found their broad tracks winding across the pebbly plain and sometimes leading a mile from the bay. On a level surface



FORTY WINKS.

A young bull giving himself a sand-bath in the midst of his slumbers.

sea-elephants can bob along faster than a man can walk, but pauses for rest are made at short intervals. Their mode of progression has been well likened to that of an inch-worm, yet when in a hurry they arch the spine and jerk forward the pectoral flippers with such rapidity that their resulting gait might almost be called a gallop. It is laughable to see a fat adult bounce along at full speed with head jerking up and down and ponderous blubbery sides shaking. The hind-flippers are, of course, not employed for travel on land, but are merely trailed. Although going up hill is necessarily a slow and painful process for sea-elephants, they are nevertheless ambitious in that feat, especially on parts of the coast where the best growths of tussock grass are on hillocks near the shore. Not infrequently we found herds of the animals on the summits of promontories 70ft. or 80ft. above the sea, and in one instance much higher, atop a perpendicular cliff which they had surmounted from the rear by clambering up an adjacent valley. Later the seal hunters visited this place, and I was told that a stampeded cow had dashed over the brink of the cliff, falling more than 100ft. to the beach below, yet she scurried right into the sea and swam vigorously!

When in the water sea-elephants remain submerged most of the time, progressing by means of wide sculling sweeps of the hind-flippers, the blades of either limb working simultaneously. It is astonishing to see with what ease their huge bodies glide through the dense thickets of the giant kelp, that longest of sea plants whose submarine branches harbour



COW AND PUP FAST ASLEEP.

Despite her luxurious unconsciousness of the presence of an onlooker, mother scratches herself with the flexible fingers within the glove-like flipper. The bird is a South Georgian skua gull.

a fauna more abundant than any inhabiting forests of the upper world. I suspect that they capture a part of their food among the tangles of the kelp, for I sometimes found small rubbery pieces of the seaweed in their stomachs.

Sleeping seems to be the main business of sea-elephants during all of the Antarctic summer months. They sometimes take naps in the coves and ponds, either at the surface, with round backs just awash, or else down near the bottom, where they maintain a perfect hydrostatic balance. Ashore they sleep most of the time, usually lying belly up, and they often refrain from breathing for considerable periods by keeping the nostrils tightly closed just as

though they were under water. Still more often they make use of one nostril only, spreading and closing it with each breath, while the other remains shut all the time. A sea-elephant's sleep is suggestive of night-mares or a guilty conscience. The inspirations of the breath are irregular gasps, the expirations tremulous wheezes. The body shakes violently from time to time, and the fore-flippers are ever nervously moving about, now scratching the sides, now the head, which is inclined downward until within their reach; next they may be crossed over the breast in order that one flipper may be scratched by the other. The fingers of the fore-flippers are very flexible, bending when employed in scratching quite like human fingers. The hind-flippers are now and then spread fan-like and brandished in the air or rubbed and clasped together like a pair of clumsy hands. Awake or asleep they are fond of flinging sand or mud over themselves by scooping the earth backwards with the palmar surface of the fore-flippers. All these motions often go on while the brutes are in such total oblivion that it is difficult to awaken them. I have tossed a handful of sand into the wide-open nostril of a restless, sleeping bull, yet it did not even open its eyes.



IN COOL COMFORT.

A young bull lying on the bottom and refraining from breathing by closing his nostrils.

of the London squares, the plane, being of gigantic growth and one of our noblest forest trees, seems rather out of place, and, owing to its tall, usually branchless stem, imparts a bare, unfurnished appearance to these gardens, especially when used alone or with few other smaller growing kinds as underwood. In comparing Berkeley and Hanover Square, where little else but planes have been planted, with, say, Bedford, Russell or Gordon Squares, with their neatly kept turf and well grown specimens of the weeping ash, thorns of various kinds, the beautiful cut-leaved pyrus, ailantus, laburnum and holly, which

latter imparts a cheery, furnished aspect, the difference is very pronounced, especially during the winter season. In St. James's Square only a few ailantus, thorns and two solitary elm trees relieve the monotony caused by the planes, which latter in this instance are rather poor and weedy. Leicester Square follows suit with excessive plane tree planting.

while the nineteen trees in Trafalgar Square are other examples of the too free use of a single species. In Hanover Square two half-dead thorns and a small chestnut struggle for existence with the giant plane trees.

Most of the new streets and roads have of late years been planted with the plane, and a nurseryman in the suburbs tells me that fully 75 per cent. of his London orders have been for this tree. To the casual observer the variety of trees to be found in London may appear small, but such is by no means the case; indeed, the number of distinct species is a comparatively large one. It is only after a careful examination of the trees in our streets, squares and open spaces by an interested person that the number of different kinds can be realized, for, save by those who are acquainted with the peculiarities in form and foliage of various trees, many of the less common kinds are apt to be overlooked. Few Londoners, perhaps, know that in the central parks alone upwards of 220 distinct trees are cultivated, that a number of healthy catalpas are growing by the Clock Tower at Westminster, the Judas tree, liquidambar and black walnut at Fulham, the paulownia and golden catalpa in Regent's Park, or the mulberry in Finsbury Square. In the smoke and dust of Chelsea many of the less common trees flourish amazingly, including the paper birch, catalpa Kampferi, bird cherry, maidenhair tree and koeleruteria; while the magnificent hickories and arbutus or strawberry tree in Waterlow Park, the tulip tree at Golder's Green, or the maidenhair tree by the Commercial Road and other parts of the East End are surely sufficient evidence of how well other trees, as well as the plane, succeed in different parts of London. Of the commoner trees, such as the ash, elm, acacia, there are some magnificent specimens both in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, while the gigantic poplars and willows by the lakeside in St. James's Park have few equals even in the open country. The ailantus grows freely in all the parks; so do the weeping and manna or flowering ash, while the various forms of acer or maple, prunus and pyrus all point out by their age and the size to which they have attained how well suited they are for doing battle with the impurities of a town atmosphere.

The ailantus thrives equally well with the plane; indeed, in certain confined East End districts, as by the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr, near Billingsgate, it has ousted the plane from the field, though both are growing under exactly similar conditions and within a few yards of each other. The power

LONDON TREES

LONDON might well be called "The City of Plane Trees," for, unfortunate though it may be from the point of sameness, it has been carefully computed that fully 60 per cent. of the arboreal vegetation belongs to this tree. The elm, lime, poplar, acacia and ailantus are all more or less common, but the so-called London plane has ousted nearly every other tree from the field; indeed, during the past five-and-twenty years it has been planted to the exclusion of almost every other species. That it succeeds as well, if not better, in the London area than the majority of trees must be admitted; but the almost monotonous repetition in our streets, squares and public gardens of this particular plane is to be deplored and has been the cause of much unfavourable comment during recent years. As far as we know there is not a garden, public or private square, park or open space in London where the plane has not been planted, often to excess, while the majority of streets, wide or narrow, sheltered or exposed, have shared a like fate. The ailantus succeeds quite as well—better, indeed—in the most confined and smoky districts; while the acacia, ash (both common and weeping), laburnum, mulberry, catalpa and several of the beautiful varieties of pyrus and thorn are all not only highly ornamental, but well suited for planting both in urban and suburban districts. For small areas such as most

in certain trees to withstand the chemical and other impurities of a town atmosphere is owing largely to a hardy and robust constitution, also to the quality of soil in which they are growing, and it is a curious fact that the plane is not the best tree for planting in Sheffield or Manchester, where soil and other conditions are different from those in London. It is generally supposed that the annual shedding of its bark will account for the plane tree succeeding so well in London. This is, however, hardly borne out by facts, as several other trees which do not shed their bark thrive equally well, among which are the ailanthus, poplars of several kinds, the acacia, mulberry and others. The bark of the acacia remains intact

for many years, and, being extremely rough and the trunk deeply furrowed, collects dust and other atmospheric impurities in large quantities, so much so that seedlings of other trees frequently spring from among the soil in these nooks and crannies.

That the plane is, whether from the points of ornament and shade or as thriving well in smoky localities, a valuable tree for planting everywhere in London cannot be denied, but the limit of numbers has long ago been reached, and unless a speedy check is put on its indiscriminate use, the future of the metropolis from a purely arboreal point of view will be monotonous in the extreme.

A. D. WEBSTER.

JAM

JAM has been one of the more important minor problems of the war from the beginning, and the problem this year is very much complicated by the fruit failure. Mr. A. H. Pearson, of the well known Nottingham firm, writes us that during an experience of forty years he has never known such a short period of blossom as there was this year. There may be many opinions as to the cause of the shortage, but its existence is only too apparent. In ordinary times the occurrence would have been passed over lightly—at any rate, it would not have been regarded as a calamity of the first rank. We have only to think of what occurred last winter to recognise its gravity now. Not many people realise the great part played by jam during the scarcity of food. War bread by itself is, to say the least, unappetising. A few people in the spirit of the martyrs made up their minds to eat it bare, but that heroic resolution was not widespread. The other condiments that are usually taken to add to the palatability of bread were not forthcoming in large quantities. There were months in which butter never made its appearance in many a household, and cheese flashed into the market and flashed out of it again in a manner as irregular as it was unaccountable. The tinned things, such as sardines and their like, increased greatly in price and were not always to be obtained. But, fortunately, there was a great deal of jam in the country. Last year was almost a record one for fruit. What is more extraordinary is that the profusion extended to nearly every variety. Apples, pears, plums, were gathered in almost unprecedented quantities.

Bush fruit was equally successful. At the time when preserving is usually done there was a certain shortage of sugar, but the Government treated the private owner who did not sell his fruit very liberally and, in one way and another, great stores were accumulated for the winter. Jam and bread were easily procured for breakfast and tea, and this had an enormous effect in lessening the dissatisfaction felt when flour had perforce to be mixed with material not often used for that purpose. The Food Production Office and the Food Control Office assure us that the prospect for next winter is not so gloomy. Wheat and potatoes are grown on a larger scale, and if the weather is favourable the loaf will be improved and will not depend so much on what is eaten with it. It is hoped, too, that there will be more butter and margarine.

But this outlook is not in any way assured. It is prophetic in character and cannot be stated without an "if." Should the harvest weather be unpropitious the bread forecast will be upset and the householder does well not to calculate on supplies of cheese, butter and margarine that possibly may not be forthcoming. In the circumstances it would be criminal folly not to make as much as possible of such fruit as exists. There was some reason for thinking that the authorities had misjudged the situation when, after large allowances of sugar had been issued, there were sent to the jam makers permits to buy only a very limited amount of fruit. This was accompanied by severe restrictions on the sale of fruit. The intention was admirable enough. It was felt that the wants of the Army should be first supplied and those of the civil population should only receive secondary consideration. That is perfectly right. The men who are bearing the storm and stress of warfare have the first call upon everything the nation can give them, and the sacrifice will be made readily. But that is no reason why the muddle should not be examined for the purpose of understanding how far it was inevitable and how far it could be got rid of. We are glad now to hear from the Food Control

that the first Order about the purchase of fruit by preservers has been withdrawn and that Mr. Clynes, whose energy, tact and activity have been conspicuous during the whole time he has been at the Food Control, is now giving the matter his personal attention. The main consideration is that as much of the fruit as is available should be made into jam for winter use.

There is a certain temptation on the part of the small grower, at any rate, to forget the future and use his fruit in the present. He knows that no method of preservation will make fruit better than it was when ripened on the bush. Its most delicious use is the immediate one. But there is a winter to be faced, when fresh fruit is not available, even such supplies as come from abroad now being greatly reduced or cut off altogether. These facts have been clearly apprehended for a long time, and preparations more or less adequate have been made for securing the crops of those who grow by the ton for making jam under Government control; that is to say, for the use of the Army. Infinite pains have been taken, too, with the object of collecting as much fruit as possible from those who are not in a position to sell by the ton, but have a supply measured by the hundredweight or the bushel. The plan, as far as jam making is concerned, was formulated, we imagine, by the Food Control and put into practice by the Executive Committees of the various counties. It was to form centres as near the small growers as possible so that they might send their produce to a hall, school or other building suitable for the purpose, having it carefully and independently weighed under the supervision of the Committee and afterwards collected by the fruit preserver. Obviously the latter cares less about dealing with small growers than with large. From the latter he can, in most instances, obtain the whole of the fruit he wants, and the transaction is greatly simplified when it is confined to one vendor. For instance, the transport becomes comparatively easy, and transport is of the first importance in regard to fruit. It should be carried away the moment it is ripe, or in some cases a little before. Every delay means loss. The jam makers, however, had arranged to meet the needs of the counties by purchasing small lots as well, if they were collected for the purpose under the supervision of the Executive Committees. This was a good arrangement; but it could be improved upon. The first object should be to induce the small grower to send the whole of his fruit if possible to the centre. Under the method pursued he cannot be expected to do that. A proportion will be held back for home consumption and private jam making. This, in our opinion, could be got over by a very simple arrangement. All that would be necessary would be to fix the price for the fruit, which has already been done.

In the second place, however, the small grower might be given the option of purchasing from the local jam maker an amount of preserved fruit in proportion to the quantity of fresh fruit he had sold. The proportion would have to be settled by the Food Control after due consideration of the amount needed for the Army. In order to induce the grower to make his contribution of fruit as large as possible it might easily be arranged that he should purchase jam from the firm to whom he had sold the fruit, and it would increase his zeal if the price fixed for this jam were a little below that which would have to be paid in the shop. We do not suggest that the jam maker should be asked to work at a loss, or even without profit, but to the men who have supplied him with fruit he could sell at a less price than he expected to obtain from the ordinary purchaser. The effect of this

would be to induce the owner to send as large quantities of his currants, gooseberries, raspberries and so on to the centre as was possible, because he would be certain of having something in his cupboard for the winter. It scarcely needs showing that much waste would be prevented. In many cases those who retain part of their own fruit for the purpose of making their own jam do not carry out their project. Perhaps they find that sugar is less procurable than was expected. Then, naturally, the picking is put off from day to day. The extra time for doing it by members of the household cannot very well be spared. Pickers are at the big fruit fields, and, again, the mistress of the house usually has her

hands full at this time of the year and may not be able to spare the time for boiling. These are causes which tend to make what we may call the household provision of fruit diminish. It is a question of skill in management. If the most were made of the harvest of fruit even in this bad season, the quantity would probably exceed enormously the estimate of it formed by officials. There are in reality no figures and no exact information about the quantity of fruit grown outside the great market gardens. Hence it would be wise to organise a system that would be as attractive as possible to the licensed jam-makers whose make and output are well known to the authorities.

CAUSES OF FRUIT FAILURE

IMRESSED by the universality of the fruit failure in Great Britain this year, we wrote last week to a number of scientific experts and to practical growers on a large scale to enquire to what they attributed the failure. There is no need to dwell on the importance of their answers, as experience gained this year may affect the future of fruit growing in this country. The conditions were no doubt very exceptional. Mr. A. H. Pearson, whose experience corresponds with his knowledge, shows that never in forty years has he known fruit trees or any flower trees such a short time in blossom. Why this was so is one of the points needing to be elucidated. There are two influences at work, weather and caterpillars. Against the former there is no effective defence. If it had only been a severe frost that had to be dealt with, effective measures might have been resorted to; but against blighting east winds, snowstorms, sunny days and cold nights it is almost impossible to fight. The mischief that was left incomplete by the climate was finished off by an invasion of caterpillars and other pests. They pushed on like swarms of Germans in a big drive, and completely broke down the defences of the fruit grower. No one of whom we know remembers a year in which they came in such numbers, and it is a matter of the greatest importance to get to understand how far the efficiency of safeguards against them can be improved. Many people blame the scarcity of insect-eating birds. These suffered enormously during the severe snowstorms of the year before last, and undoubtedly the fruit grower has lost something by lack of their co-operation. But we do not find that those who cultivate on a large scale attach the highest importance to the birds. The scientific question arising is whether the methods of prevention, such as the use of grease bands in winter and the regular spraying at intervals throughout the year, are practically sufficient for keeping down the pests. On this we do not desire to put forth any opinion at this stage. Several of the leading authorities in the country have promised to give their views during the course of the present week, and it would be unfair to forestall them in any way. For the moment we confine ourselves to setting forth the facts as they have been witnessed by expert growers. From a number of letters a few are selected which deal with widely differing districts. Mr. A. H. Pearson tells us what took place in his orchards in Nottingham; Mr. H. P. Bulmer, head of the famous cider firm, does the same for Herefordshire. Mr. Merryweather also speaks for Nottingham, and Mr. Edward Bunyard speaks for Kent. The last mentioned has offered to go into the matter more fully than he does in his short but pregnant note, and, of course, we shall be very pleased to have a fuller discussion from so good an authority.

By A. H. PEARSON.

Replying to your letter to hand this morning, I fear I cannot give you a very good account of the fruit crop. Apples will be a very light crop, plums and damsons practically nil, black currants very poor, strawberries a short crop owing to want of rain. Red currants and raspberries are good. With regard to spraying, I do not think this has any connection with the failure. I have not seen any spraying which has done damage. The caterpillar has done sad work with some plantations, taking off both fruit and leaves; but even where they have been carefully sprayed there is a very light crop of fruit, and on some varieties none. The only variety which will need thinning this year is Lord Grosvenor. Some of the damson trees look as if they had had a fire under them, and the leaves are like dried tea leaves. This is the work of aphides, which it was impossible to control in any way after the leaves had once curled; but even where there was no attack of aphides there is no fruit, although there was a magnificent show of blossom. I think the damage is chiefly owing to the weather. Never, in forty years' experience, have I known fruit trees or any flowering trees such a short time in blossom. The weather was bitterly cold, showery, and practically no insects about, and I think that in many cases the pollen was so wet that the fruit could not possibly set.

By E. A. MERRYWEATHER.

In answer to your letter, we much regret we have no apples, plums or pears. There is absolutely a clean sweep, but in our case we have no hesitation about the reason. In the case of the apples and pears, we had a heavy crop last year and never expected much this season, consequently we had very little bloom and this was of very low vitality, so the bloom did not survive the cold nights which have been so prevalent. On our adult orchard trees we rely principally upon grease banding, which we keep in a fresh and "tacky" state all the year round. We are pleased to say this has been very successful. We have had no caterpillar attack on them and been saved the expense of spraying, so our failure in fruit cannot be laid to either caterpillar or spray. To prove this obviously, we cannot "band" our young trees, and we have had a busy time with the caterpillar pest on them. We have had to spray constantly until just lately to save the foliage. We are very pleased to say we have been quite successful. The case of the failure of the plum crop is different. We only had a very light crop last year, and we did expect better results with the fine show of blossom, but our hopes quickly fell to zero during the flowering period. The weather was exceedingly bad the whole time. We had snow showers during the day and very cold nights, especially the day or two the bloom was in its most critical period. We think this is quite sufficient to explain our failure of the plum crop. I shall be very pleased to give you any further information should you desire it.

By H. P. BULMER.

We have practically no apples this year on sixty acres of orcharding. We grease-banded all the trees last autumn and caught myriads of winter moths, and the trees have been less cut by caterpillar this year than for many seasons past. The general reason for the failure of the crop is the want of blossom, due to the cold summer last year.

By EDWARD BUNYARD.

I do not think that the failure of spraying in certain cases this year is due to the failure of the scientific world to keep up with events, but rather to the very vague idea so many people have as to why and what they are spraying for, and to the lumping under a generic term "Caterpillar" many different moths which have varying habits. If a few lines on these points would be of service I shall be pleased to write them for you.

By EDWIN BECKETT.

Despite the very favourable promise generally during the flowering period the conditions here and around the neighbourhood are anything but satisfactory. With the exception of pears, which, for some unexplained reason, produced very few flower-buds, even on trees which rarely fail, as well as those due to fruit this year, all others bloomed profusely.

THE APPLE, which is undoubtedly the most important and which gave every promise of a heavy yield, failed very badly indeed to set. I was not very pleased with the way these opened, which was about ten days later than usual, never a good sign here, and the blooms were poor and were over in a very short time. In spite of spraying twice thoroughly, caterpillars and aphids have been very prevalent. Fortunately a few varieties which are not generally considered to be of first-rate quality, are carrying fair crops. Among these are Hambleton Deux Ans, James Grieve, Keswick Codlin, King of the Pippins, Scarlet Pearmain, Small's Admirable and Hoary Morning. Thus there is something to be said for retaining such varieties in spite of what so many (including myself) have written and said to the contrary.

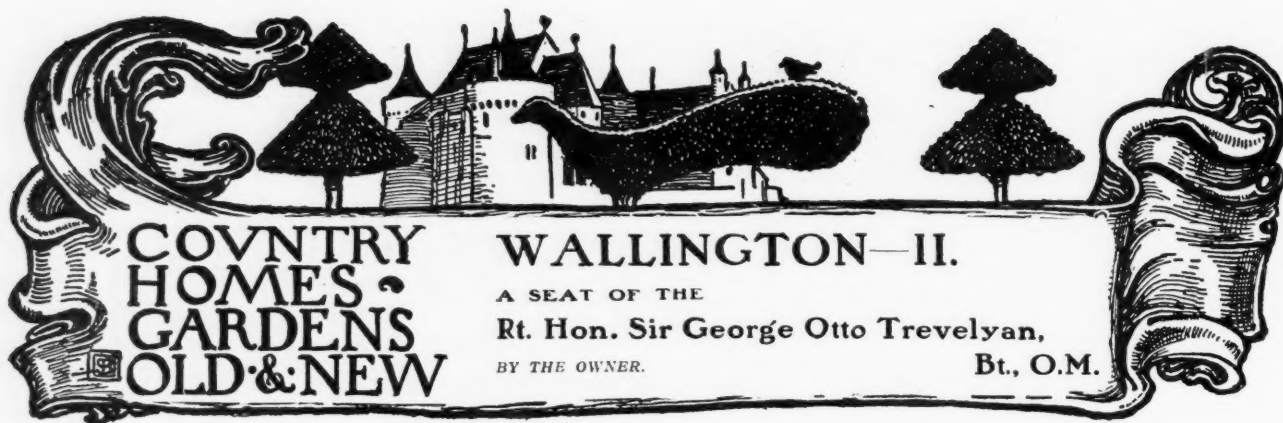
The failure was certainly not due to frost, neither was it wholly due to pests, and we have several hives of bees in the orchard to assist fertilisation, and these, I noticed, did their share in visiting flowers during the flowering period, so that the lack of success still awaits explanation.

PLUMS AND DAMSONS.—These are equally bad both on walls and standard trees. This, I think, is accounted for by the fact that we experienced very severe snowstorms just at the period when the trees were in full bloom, with the glass falling to below freezing point. The best crops are on The Czar, Victoria, Oulin's Golden Gage, Monarch, Merryweather Damson, and Langley Bullace—the last I look upon as a very fine introduction which has never failed us.

CHERRIES.—The sweet varieties are very thin. Morellos a good crop. APRICOTS.—These show the best crop for years.

PEACHES AND NECTARINES.—There are good crops on outside west wall with the trees very clean and without "blister."

QUINCES bloomed well and have set a good crop of fruit. Most kinds of bush fruit are plentiful, but suffering from the continued drought; Strawberries being likewise.



THE two Sir William Blacketts had left their house and its precincts as rough and unfinished as the rest of the estate on the extreme southern border of which the mansion stood. "My great-grandfather," Sir John Trevelyan used to say, "built Wallington as a shooting lodge"; and a shooting lodge, in its primitive interior arrangements and the rudeness of its exterior surroundings, it remained until young Sir Walter Blackett came to the rescue with his energy, his inventiveness, his keen discernment of the convenient and the appropriate, and his passion for the beautiful. There were no corridors nor galleries nor passages within the walls of Wallington. The rooms, in defiance of privacy, opened one into another round the entire circuit of the great house, and the vast garrets in the roof, where county freeholders and Newcastle constituents slept the sleep of men who, in those all too hospitable times, had been dining with their party leader, were not separated into cubicles by partitions of wood, or lath and plaster, but ran without a break over the spaces of nearly forty yards from angle to angle of the building.

There was nothing which Sir Christopher Wren or Sir John Vanbrugh would have dignified with the title of a staircase. A narrow flight of steps, little better than the ladder to a stable loft, led from floor to floor in each of the four corner rooms. There were no home woods, no garden beyond a kail-yard, no solid, well metalled road down the steep hill to the Wansbeck River, and no bridge at the foot of it. When young Mr. Harley, whose eminent sire owned large tracts of land in those parts, was travelling eastward towards the sea during the lifetime of the last Sir William Blackett, he had no choice but to ford the stream seven times between Wallington and the town of Morpeth; and the lower fords of the Wansbeck in flood were no joke for a horseman, and a positive terror for a family coach.

All these deficiencies were remedied by Sir Walter Blackett with loving care and lavish outlay. Paine, a celebrated architect in the middle of the eighteenth century, and a formidable rival of the brothers Adam, built just below the house a bridge over the Wansbeck which is a thing of beauty, and which will be a joy for ever if the County Council



Copyright.

SOUTH CORRIDOR.

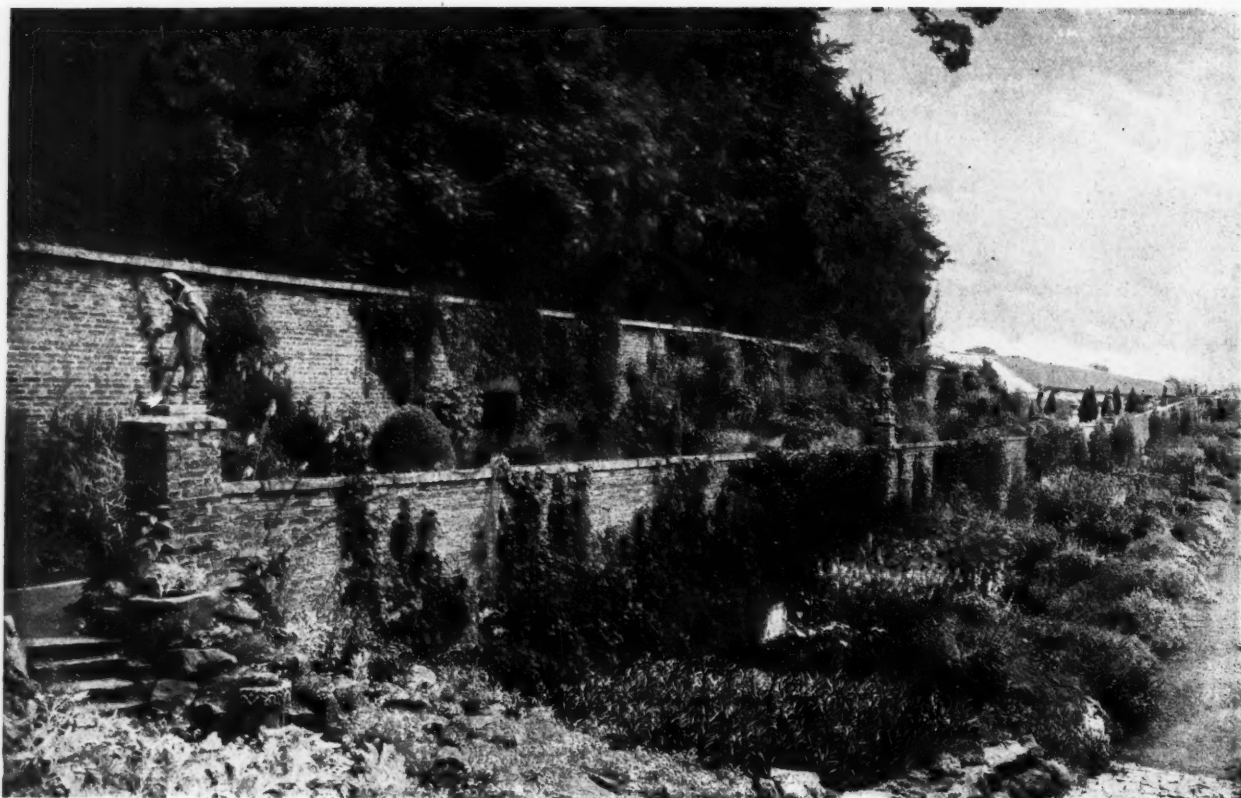
"COUNTRY LIFE."

continues its indulgence towards the slight inconveniences of a structure ranking high among the embellishments of Northumberland. Sir Walter, who always insisted on having the last word in the decision of an artistic question, rejected an alternative design in which the parapet of the bridge was surmounted by a recumbent river-god of the size and posture of Father Nile in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican Museum. Such a statue would have been out of place as the personification of a stream where, for whole months together, in a dry summer, there is not enough water to fish with the fly. Wallington soon possessed a garden not unworthy of the house; and in 1766 the unerring eye of the master detected the possibilities of a spacious glen, a third of a mile from his front door, facing the south, filled with hawthorn blossom, and with a rivulet bubbling and dancing down it to the Wansbeck. This favoured spot he converted into a paradise of brickwork terraces and lead statues and fruit trees and flower beds, whose rank among the gardens of the North of England and Scotland it is for others than the owner to appraise. The perfection of it is now a thing of the past and of the uncertain future; and it would be a discredit to Wallington if the case were otherwise. The carnations and chrysanthemums and Eucharis lilies and Gloire de Lorraine begonias and melons and pineapples and bananas have given place to an endless succession of tomato plants in the cold glasshouses; and the roses and sweet peas outside have made room for homely masses of leeks and beet-root which have helped our sailors to relish their beef in the Northern Sea.

In 1737 the resemblance of Wallington to a French château was completed by the formation of a courtyard and *basse-cour* surrounded by long ranges of stabling. The country squires of that epoch passed much of their time in exchanging notes over the decoration of their pleasure grounds. Charles Fox spoke with lively gratitude about a friend who had offered to build him a temple; and the cupola and the wrought-iron work which surmount Sir Walter Blackett's surprisingly magnificent coach-house were designed by the first Duke of Northumberland, father of the Lord Percy who commanded the British during the retreat from Lexington. Sir Walter had a special talent, almost amounting to genius, for the planting and the nurture of trees. His home woods may be dated in, or about, the year 1735. There still remain two, or perhaps three, of the six gigantic Atholl larches which the Duke of Atholl left behind him when they were still young specimens, in



Copyright. ARCADING OF THE CENTRAL HALL AND THE STAIRCASE. "C.L."



Copyright.

THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

LOOKING DOWN THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

recognition of his entertainment at Wallington, when he was conveying the famous conifers to their destined home in Perthshire. Sir Walter Blackett's sycamores and oaks are all that they should be, and his beeches are confessedly unsurpassed in their combination of height, girth, and autumn colouring. In a favourable October it is worth while gazing across the Wansbeck Valley at the mile of scarlet foliage, with the old grey house standing amid its still emerald pastures in the exact centre of the scene.

Some ten years after he succeeded to Wallington Sir Walter Blackett turned his attention to the internal rearrangement of the house. Between 1740 and 1742 he established

round the interior of the house on both floors; corridors out of which, more than sixty years ago, John Ruskin, the most devoted and helpful of family friends, devised a vast central hall, exquisitely designed and bright and cheerful with light and colour, which would be ill exchanged for any other room in any house in the kingdom. The walls and ceilings of the living-rooms at Wallington and of the large spaces outside them were profusely decorated by these Italians with classical and pseudo-classical figures and patterns in high or low relief, sometimes of great beauty, and always, at the very least, indicating the existence of an ideal in the workman's fancy. The material was so deftly composed



Copyright.

UNDER THE TERRACE: IN THE OLD GARDEN.

'COUNTRY LIFE'

at Cambo a small colony of those Italian workers in plaster whose art was in high request throughout England towards the middle of the eighteenth century both before and during the Seven Years' War. Specimens may be seen in the home of the Lytteltons at Hagley in Worcestershire, and at Hatchlands in Surrey. With the aid of these congenial assistants Sir Walter, in the course of thirty months, converted the interior of Wallington from a comfortless barrack to a villa worthy of standing on the Pincian Hill at Rome, or half way up the road to Fiesole above the city of Florence. He constructed a cheerful and luxurious staircase which it is a pleasure to ascend even at the age of four-score, and handsome corridors

of such honest ingredients that it has resisted decay or damage for 180 years, and the colours, or the traditions of the colours, used suit admirably with the omnipresent porcelain of Wallington, of which the larger pieces were seen by Arthur Young, while none of it was brought into the house less than four generations ago, before the epoch of forgery began.

The family portraits at Wallington will pass muster; but most of them are not by celebrated artists. There is, however, a good Janssens of the reign of James I. Sir Walter Blackett himself was well and often painted. There hangs in the great drawing-room a full-length portrait of him by Reynolds posed and costumed with the infallible skill



Copyright.

CART SHEDS AND STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

displayed by Sir Joshua whenever his heart was in his work. Drawn about the year 1759, in the sturdy prime of Sir Walter's middle age, and clad in the homely, but effective, dress of a great country gentleman who likewise was a leader of commerce, the sway of the body and the moulding and disposition of the hands remain in the memory of anyone with an ounce of observation in him who has spent ten minutes in contemplation of the picture. Some twenty years afterwards, when his health was breaking fast and he was already unable to travel, Sir Walter indulged himself in a visit under his own roof of the President of the Royal Academy. There are still traditions at Wallington, of no great value, about the personal habits of Sir Joshua, who, before he went south again from Northumberland, had painted three portraits of Sir Walter Blackett for the Town Hall and the other public institutions of Newcastle.

At that point the great artist would have done well to stay his hand. But it so happened that in the year 1760 Gainsborough was domiciled at Bath and was painting at his very best the county families of the West of England. He there made a picture of a Miss Sukey Trevelyan, a handsome and dashing girl, and he had subdued her over-bold expression and her strongly marked features by a large hat of the prevailing fashion. In the year 1767 Arthur Young inserted an account of Wallington in his "Northern Tour," and, as ill luck would have it, he described the Gainsborough as a "portrait of a hat and ruffles." It is a curious testimony to the contemporary vogue and authority of that excellent writer that the Blacketts and the Trevelyans caught at the opportunity of Sir Joshua being at Wallington and persuaded him to paint out the hat. Warming to his work, he left nothing of Gainsborough's untouched, except the face, the white and gold gown, and the right arm, which are so drawn and painted that, even in its present state, it is a fine and remarkably captivating picture. The outline of the great hat is still visible in certain lights. The late Frank Holl, during his too brief season of fame and prosperity, gave it as his opinion that the paint of the alterations had been very coarsely and hastily laid on, but that it was undoubtedly splashed in by the brush of a master. Some hold the tale to be incredible; and yet the chain of oral evidence is singularly complete. Sir John Trevelyan, the lady's brother, was thirty-five years old when her picture was painted over by Sir Joshua; Sir John lived till his grandson, Sir Walter Trevelyan, was a man of thirty; the present proprietor of Wallington had reached the age of forty when Sir Walter died; and during all those years Sir Joshua's ill advised performance had been a household word in a family which has never been averse from telling the same story many times over.

Sir Walter Blackett did not long survive Sir Joshua's visit. He died in 1777, "the oldest member of the House of Commons" (as the local records state), "having represented Newcastle near fifty years." His lead mines passed to the Beaumonts of Yorkshire and South Northumberland, stout Whigs, like their ancestor Sir William Blackett of the Revolution. For the best of good reasons they have taken in these latter days the title of their peerage from Allendale. For the house and estate of Wallington Sir Walter had an heir standing ready to his hand and high in his favour. Sir Walter's mother, Lady Calverley, had a daughter, Julia, who was married in 1733 to Sir George Trevelyan of Nettlecombe in Somersetshire. The Trevelyans were a tenacious, long-lived race, twelve generations of whom followed each other, father and eldest son, in unbroken succession between the reign of Henry VI and the reign of Queen Victoria. At

the Restoration they were rewarded for their fidelity to the Crown by a Baronetcy, conferred upon them in the usual terms, "for services and sufferings"; and it must be owned that, in the records of the Civil War, their sufferings were more conspicuous than their services. Sir George Trevelyan had died years before his brother-in-law, Sir Walter Blackett; and Sir John Trevelyan succeeded his uncle at Wallington



Copyright.

"THE LONDON APPRENTICE" IN LEAD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and in the parliamentary seat at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which he gained after a contest much closer and very much more expensive than he either expected or desired.

Copyright in the U.S.A. by Sir George Odo Trevelyan, Bart., 1918.

AFTER THE RAIN IN THE COUNTRY.

After the rain in the country,
God is most surely there,
When the moist earth babbles His praises,
And the slug creeps out from her lair,
Leaving a glittering glory
Wherever her grey form goes,
Brighter than cloud in the pool,
Or dew in the heart of the rose.

After the rain in the country,
God is most surely there,
Where the butterfly's wings are closing
In the gloom of her leafy lair.
Caverned in shimmering rain drops,
Enfolded about by the mist,
Brighter than leaves on the hedges
The dreams of the flowers she has kissed.

ANNE F. BROWN.

THE PIG-KEEPING INDUSTRY AND FOOD PRODUCTION



AWAITING BREAKFAST.

are seriously taking up the question, with Mr. Prothero as head, much should be done to help the small-holder in the matter and encourage him to keep pigs to the best of his ability, and so long as the farmers, small-holders and the Board work amicably together, success is bound to be the result. It is absolutely certain that the question should be left with the President of the Board of Agriculture and those who thoroughly understand the matter in all its aspects. Now that we have got so very many allotment holders we are in a much better position than ever we were before for the breeding and rearing of pigs; and profitable pig keeping will ensue if carried out under the conditions laid down and with such a skilful leader as the President of the Board. The question with which everybody is confronted at the present time is how are we to get sufficient feeding stuffs to rear the pigs when there is such a limited supply of all cereals now available. That pigs can be kept profitably is certain, as those who have reared them so far on proper lines will testify, and if those who are thinking of starting the industry will only seriously consider the question from every point of view, the pig-keeping industry will be revived.

THE HARDINESS OF PIGS.

One of the chief difficulties experienced by the farmers and pig keepers in previous times has been the losses through illness of the young ones, sometimes of whole litters. This has been thought to have been brought about in a good many cases by the cold, and one can understand partly how this comes about, for the principles of life in the pigs are similar to those in human beings, and we know quite well that boys and girls brought up in the country are healthier and stronger than those brought up in the town.

THE interest and anxiety caused by the question of the breeding and rearing of pigs still continues, and more especially among the allotment holders. Very many of these are willing to try the pig-keeping industry if they could only be assured of a reasonable return for the money invested. Now that the Boards of Agriculture for England, Wales and Scotland

Illnesses are seldom known to workers on the land and farmers who are three-quarters of their time out in the fresh, invigorating country air. The same applies to animals, and the pigs allowed to run wild will have a far better chance of making good, sound, healthy ones than those cooped up in the sty all day and night. I do not mean allowing them to roam through woods hundreds of acres in extent as in the olden times, for then they made their homes in the forests and were capable of living on very scanty fare, all of which they picked up for themselves. There is no doubt that the modern breeds of pigs are far removed from the types that foraged for themselves and spent summer and winter in the large, uncultivated, unfenced forests; but I think the present breeds could be made to a certain extent to rough it and pick up a good part of their living in the fenced-off plots now occupied by the allotment holders. Even in the allotments they could be made to live a good out-of-door life, and the pigs, young and old, would be healthier and stronger than the majority of those that are kept continually in the sty. If the allotment is of a decent size, say from half an acre upwards, it could be so arranged that at little expense a small portion of it could be fenced off and the pigs allowed to roam for a few weeks in this fenced-off part; then the fence could be transferred to another part, and the ground they had rooted up could be patched up and got into a nice condition by the time the pigs had had full "go" at a few of the other fenced-off portions.

This is the way the pigs shown in the photographs were kept, and fine ones they were, ten in this litter, with only one weakly for a few days after birth, which with the out-door life and full use of the run soon got into a healthy condition, whereas if it had been kept in the sty it would never have survived. The owner of these could get his own price for the litter at any time and never had any trouble in getting a buyer, the only difficulty with him being in keeping buyers away. The letter on common-sense pig keeping in your issue of May 12th, 1917, clearly shows that small pigs brought up in healthy conditions are better in every way than those kept in the sties the whole of their lives. Another war-time economy is to keep the pigs in the same run as the hens and rabbits, and that this is a very practicable suggestion is proved by the photographs here shown, for this allotment holder kept his pigs, hens and rabbits in the same run and let them mix together as they wished. They soon became very friendly and worked harmoniously together, there being no fighting of any description among them, for the young pigs rooted in the soil and the hens kept at hand to pick up the snails, etc., that the animals had uprooted, one lot working for the other as harmoniously as possible all through the day.

PIG RUNS AND POTATO PATCHES.

Another thing that should be an inducement to the allotment holders to keep pigs is the fact that the surplus



OPEN AIR APPETITES.

garden produce will be able to be utilised for feeding them. Cabbage and cauliflower stalks, potato, vegetable and fruit waste can all be very economically used, and good results may be obtained by their use. In an interesting experiment by Mr. J. F. Prime, M.R.C.V.S., a report of which is published by the Rural League, Surrey Street, Strand, on the feeding of pigs from kitchen "wash" and garden "waste," it is clearly proved that the pigs can be kept in good condition through their use, and the meat obtained from the pigs, of excellent quality, could not be distinguished, when cooked, from meal-fed pork. Fed solely on this garden refuse, a few pigs were kept to ascertain the quantity required to produce 1lb. of pork. The result was that on the average 7lb. of this waste produced 1lb. of live-weight increase. This clearly proves that the scarcity of cereals can be surmounted and very good results obtained by using with discretion garden refuse and house waste. By having potato patches adjoining the run, the waste and any surplus will always be at hand and the need for meal reduced to a minimum. There will be a tremendous increase this year in this waste produce, for in the statement of Sir Arthur Lee, Director-General of Food Production, some interesting figures are given. The total acreage of wheat, barley and oats in 1918 will be the



THE BEST MILKERS.

fewer than 800,000 in England and Wales, equal to 140 per cent. The foodstuffs produced by this increase is reckoned at 800,000 tons. There is nothing that the pigs would enjoy more than this waste produce, and with a few cinders occasionally scattered on the run for the little ones to root among and crunch at they would be in clover indeed. Some of the allotment holders in this part (the West Riding of Yorkshire) have devised some splendid ideas for the benefit of the pigs, and one is to fix in the run outside an old secondhand boiler, similar to those used in the washhouse for boiling the water for the clothes. This can be put up very economically and all the garden waste boiled and cooked for the animals on the spot. Sugar beet can also be grown and used to advantage by small cultivators, and seed sown where possible would be a very great help to the pig-keeper. The allotments being near the homes, as most of them are, an eye can be kept on them during the day by the holders' wives and children.

W. SUGDEN.



PIGS AND CHICKENS CO-OPERATE.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Necessity of Poetry, an Address given to the Tredegar and District Co-operative Society by Robert Bridges. (Clarendon Press.)

THE only adequate review of the Poet Laureate's disquisition on poetry would take the form of an examination paper set to the members of the Tredegar Co-operative Society. For example, what do they understand by "footy little artist," a phrase applied by Mr. Bridges to William Shakespeare. The puzzle is as follows. Everybody knows that the Poet Laureate's admiration of Shakespeare scarcely stops short this side of idolatry. The intelligent co-operator of Tredegar must therefore be able to explain why "footy little artist" is a term of endearment, like "baggage" or "brat" on the lips of a fond mother. The dictionary will not help him much. The impeccable Murray defines "footy" as "paltry, poor, mean, worthless, little and insignificant." Mr. Bridges did not mean that. There is also another word "footy" which is interpreted "having foots or dregs." It is mostly applied to the dregs of wines and other liquids. If the co-operator be half as intelligent as Mr. Bridges assumed that he was he might well consider that the speaker with the license of genius had coined a new meaning to the word. He will find a clue in the context. The lecturer had been talking of metres and the metrical foot. He quoted three famous examples from Shakespeare, Milton and Shelley, respectively, to illustrate what he said.

What he means us to admire is the masterly way in which the poet rose above the bonds of metre and moving in chains, as it were, produced that unsurpassed picture of the heavens, beginning:

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.

The passage from Milton is that of the attendant Spirit in "Comus" introducing himself

Before the starry threshold of Jove's Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In Regions mild of calm and serene Air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth.

And Shelley, where the Spirit of the Earth talks with Prometheus:

Ere Babylon was dust,
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
Met his own image walking in the garden.

A rider to the examination question might very well be "Explain and comment upon the use of italics in these quotations." Mr. Bridges makes as much use of italics as, say, Mr. Lovat Fraser, and it would be a fine problem to discuss which of the two has the greater method in his madness. That is by the way. We must leave the reader to find the passages, which are too numerous for us to quote, and to examine the italicised lines and phrases. In justice to the Laureate, whose excursions into criticism we regard as delightful in itself, much as we are surprised at it being delivered where it was, this is what he says:

These passages are in the most *prosaic* of all our English metres, and though it has no rhyme to mark its periods, yet the metrical unit is so effective and convincing that one cannot imagine it to be wrong in principle.

Now for another question, and the present writer confesses to feeling that probably the average co-operator of Tredegar can answer it more satisfactorily than he. It is this: "Quote and explain the definition of genius on page 18." This is the passage:

A genius is a man whose mind has most of a right spontaneous activity of the concepts among themselves.

"Right spontaneous activity of the concepts" is no doubt by this time a commonplace in discussions at Tredegar, but we would feel it to be extremely bold on our part to offer even a mild suggestion of what it is meant to convey. And this in spite of reading with great care the lecturer's chapter on concepts. The central passage is out of an unpublished book by a Mr. Campion. Perhaps some key to the meaning is to be found in Wordsworth's lines about Peter Bell:

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Peter Bell had no proper concept, but the passage from Mr. Campion is so curious that we hope no one will be bored by our quoting it in full:

Let us suppose (he writes) that our minds contain large numbers of such myriad-sided and many-coloured jewels, grouped together in various ways and forms; and then that light flashes through this grouped mass, darting into and through and between the several jewels. And further, let us imagine that simultaneously with this flashing movement of the light through and between these myriad-sided jewels there is also a stir and re-shaping of the jewels themselves; a change of form by which they acquire new facets and a movement which brings them ever into new relations with one another, but again fitting closely together, joining themselves into new combinations of form and colour, linking themselves into new and ever-changing clusters. The movement of the light into and through and between the jewels, and the simultaneous change and remodelling and regrouping of the jewels themselves—the two latter movements often caused by the former—may serve us for an image of what we call Thought—the miracle or alchemy of Thought. And the jewels, which tumble apart and reform themselves into new and ever-changing, harmonious combinations and clusters, are Concepts, and the light which flashes through and between them, and is often the cause of their movement and change of grouping, is the stream of new percepts (or perceptions), which the mind is unceasingly acquiring from the sense-data furnished by the nerves and sense organs.

The reader is informed in a footnote that the quotation is shortened and simplified so as to adapt it to oral communication; but, even so, a pedestrian imagination boggles at the idea of concepts jostling one another in our "insides." Mr. Campion, with his very kaleidoscopic image and flashing verbosity, does not explain the process of imaginative creation, does not stray from the true path.

In describing the varieties of genius the Laureate is extremely fond of using the word "spontaneous," and in this connection it is difficult to know what it means. The best that has been written at any time has been born in blood and tears, and there is no labour so intense as that of the artist. The theory which lies at the root of the definition will not work itself into practice. Much nearer is the slight but intimate little poem at the beginning of our Anthology:

White and black in a goodly stack,
And a cry to Her who shall be obeyed:
"Have I made a book?"—"You have only made
White and black."

The beat of wings, and Her voice: "Behold!"
A glory, a wonder, a wild delight;
And lo, on a page of black and white,
Gleam of gold!

In those little poems we love most Mr. Bridges is assuredly sound on his concepts; but, in spite of its painstaking character, this essay leaves the impression that genius is unable to explain itself. We all remember Turner's reply to Ruskin. The art critic had been holding forth in his own eloquent way about the theory of painting, until Carlyle, if he had been present, would have said: "Flow on thou shining river." But at last he stopped and asked Turner what was his opinion, and the inarticulate artist took from his mouth the black clay pipe he was so fond of and replied: "Yes, painting is a rum thing, it is." We hope that the co-operators of Tredegar knew this anecdote and had intelligence enough to apply it so that the admiration which they no doubt justly feel for the best of the work of Mr. Bridges was not blurred by the feeling that he was not good at explanation. What he wanted to do he explained by means of a parable.

When a child he was very fond of music, and loved especially to listen to a military band when it played in the open, loving in particular the bassoon. But one day, when exploring the cellars of his father's kitchen, he suddenly saw all his favourite instruments lying in front of him—bass-horns, trombones, saxhorns and all the rest of them; he blew into each, trying to reproduce the tones he loved. He failed to produce a sound. No one had shown him the way. Such is his text. Now for the application. Addressing the intelligent co-operators of Tredegar, he said:

Since it is probable that many of you will soon be writing poetry—indeed, I should do you wrong to suppose that you have not already begun—it may be just as well that you should know how the horn is blown.

Here, again, the most intense curiosity is roused as to whether those who must be the flower of the co-operative tribe ever do really attempt to write poetry or feel any desire to know how the horn is blown.

CORRESPONDENCE

TEA RATIONING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Shillington's letter on tea rationing, to which you referred in your "Country Notes" last week, is somewhat misleading, although quite unintentionally so, I am sure. Supposing all the 103,000,000lbs. were available for civilian use, it would not represent more than about four months' supplies, which is not an unreasonable reserve to accumulate in view of the fact that the maintenance of stocks is entirely dependent upon the tonnage that can be spared. No one can pretend to forecast the shipping that may be at the disposal of the Ministry of Food when the autumn crop is ready for transport or, say, what cargoes may be lost in transit. In tea, as in other commodities, it is highly desirable that sufficient reserves should be held in order to provide against eventualities, though it may be at the cost of a little self-denial. Actually, however, these figures are not as good as they sound, since they include the amount needed by the Navy and Army, the allotment made to distributors and sold, but not cleared from bond on May 31st, as well as the June 3rd allotment. As you will have seen, tea is not to be rationed to the individual, but tradesmen will receive 20zs. a head a week for all customers registered with them, this being the pre-war average of consumption per head of the population. The balance left over by small tea drinkers and young children can be divided by the grocers among those who need more. The advantage of registration is that tradesmen will now receive the precise quantities due to them, thus adjusting the inequalities of distribution which have caused a real shortage in some parts of the country and a plethora in others. Hitherto retailers have been supplied in accordance with their purchases in a so-called datum year, which has not taken into account the shifting of population from one centre to another.—A. C. S.

THE CASE FOR SMALL FARMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The article on the above matter in your issue of June 15th has interested me very much indeed. Some years ago I was most enthusiastic as to the possibilities of the small holding and the small farm, but some years of practical farming in an ever increasing way has clearly shown me that except in some special localities both the small holding and the small farm are little better than working slavery, and even under this condition it seldom pays unless the whole family slave also without the wage that similar work would receive elsewhere. It may, of course, be that the financial conditions generally after the war will make many willing to labour and produce the necessities of life merely to exist; but I am certain neither the small-holder nor small farmer can for his work under present conditions attain to anything like the comforts and amenities of life that the same hours, energy and brains bring to the industrial worker and his family. I join issue with the writer of your article in regard to his statement that "before the war farming was an occupation that required large capital and gave comparatively poor returns." My investigations have shown me that most farms are much under capitalised and that far too small a capital expenditure allowed a man to become a master and live on an amount of capital invested that induced many men to farm as masters who would have been more useful to the State and really better off themselves as workers for others. As an employer for twenty years and an employé for twelve years I have been much struck with the relatively few who are suitable to be masters of a business, however small. It must ever be remembered that a master running his own business, be it large or small, has numerous things to arrange for a year or two ahead, and decisions to come to quickly on his own responsibility without consultation with anyone.

It is difficult to believe that the many splendid men who have worked for me during the last thirty years were not fair average samples, yet experience has proved that but a small minority would have run businesses successfully if they had been the sole masters. Even though so many were fine heads in their different departments of work I am certain most of them could attain to greater success, and did so, as departmental heads in a big concern than they would have done as sole masters of the same business. My farming experience has shown me that this condition of affairs is still more in being in the agricultural industry, and I have met numbers of small master farmers, good, practical, hard-working men, who would have made far more money and been much more successful as one of a team in a big agricultural enterprise. I do not agree with the opinion of the Canadian expert your correspondent quotes, as saying that it takes years, not months, to learn to handle even a spade intelligently. I find young men, little more than boys, can handle the spade and milk with very little experience in a most finished way, and this applies to most things; the young ones with any aptitude in a particular direction quickly become expert, but it certainly is useless to expect old dogs to learn new tricks. Almost always through life it is the young, keen ones who give the active movement in all things to a business. Your correspondent truly says a few skilled men and a thousand unskilled labourers can build a railway. True, in a way, but even those he calls unskilled are really skilled at their job. I do not consider you can call anyone unskilled who can do a particular job better than a person who tries it for the first time, but all who can do anything better than a novice are skilled to some degree. I find from experience that there are numbers of things on the farm in which brains and thought can help the manual labourer, and it is by a combination of brains and manual skill and strength that the real success of our agriculture must come. The farm must be big enough to be able to afford to pay thinking organisers and brain workers as well as manual labourers. Agriculturists must always be thinking, how can we use mechanical power and not man power to do our work? Brains are for the purpose of harnessing the power of the world, not for merely directing oneself to work in the same way Adam worked. Individual strength, however

great, can accomplish very little; brains, plus strength and mechanical power, will revolutionise agriculture as it has transport, and all else when fashioned for its particular purpose. Why, only now I have before me as I look from my window a weald clay field which I decided to break up in March last when the extra call for more potatoes arose. We ploughed it deep, 12ins., by tractor; it came up in lumps of earth 12ins. by 20ins. and set during the dry March weather like a frozen sea, and no single farmer who ever came here thought it anything but a joke when I said that we should plant potatoes for this year—it looked an impossible proposition; but a powerful tractor, a mighty roller and a specially made cultivator and disc harrow have provided a perfect seed bed, and from all indications a bountiful crop will result.

I cannot follow your correspondent as to why farming by mechanical means rules out livestock or a correct rotation of crops. I do all three, and they seem to me all desirable and go well together. The concluding few lines of your article which suggest that interest, repairs, storage and depreciation would eat up nearly all the profits on a large intensively cultivated farm are strange argument. Surely the same charges exist on the small farm, but press more hardly, as the crops are usually smaller and the machines less used per year in relation to their cost. I cannot believe when I had a tenant on one of my farms producing six sacks of wheat to the acre, and all else in proportion, that his farming was better either for the pocket or the country than my farming of the same land producing most years now twelve sacks of wheat to the acre and all else in at least equal proportion. My tenant could not do this as he had neither the capital nor the knowledge to do it, but if he had been trained into the correct way to farm when young he would surely have occupied a better position socially, for himself and his family, working as an overseer for a big farming company, which would be for ever bringing him the latest farming knowledge and machinery for him to apply it. From the foregoing I suggest the future of successful agriculture is the large farm, adequately capitalised. The small farm will continue to exist for various local reasons, but all real success will come to the big farm. True, it will take time to find suitable heads for these large farms, as equal brains will only come into agriculture when the rewards can be as great as industrial enterprise.—S. F. EDGE.

"A LITTLE WAY."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few years ago I cut out the enclosed verses. I think, if you will reprint them, they may bring comfort to some sore hearts through this dreadful war.

"A LITTLE WAY."

"A little way to walk with you, my own—
Only a little way,
Then one of us must weep and walk alone
Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,
With your heart far from mine,
'Twould be for joy that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine."

I cannot remember from what paper I cut it. I rather think it was from some obscure journal, but I have carried it about for at least five years in my pocket-book.—F. G. S.

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Most people are familiar with Tennyson's forecast of aerial warfare, which is one of the most striking features, and maybe decisive factors, in the world conflict to-day, when "The nations' airy navies grapple in the central blue" by day and by night. So much of the poet's vision has already fully materialised, while it looks as though the second part of it were on the way to fulfilment in the establishment of "A Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," which by the application of common-sense may cause the war drums to cease and the battle flags to be for ever furled. An equally inspired and remarkable prophecy, anticipating Tennyson's by some half century, may, however, be new to many of your readers. It was written by Dr. Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles Darwin, in 1791, some twenty-three years before Stephenson constructed his first locomotive engine, and thus it runs:

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or, on wide-waving wings expanded, bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.
Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move;
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

For Steam read "Petrol," and this will all be quite up to date. I find this among my notes, but quite forget from what source it was obtained. Perhaps one of your readers, better informed, may be kind enough to authenticate the quotation.—PERCIVAL SETH WARD.

DRIED WEEDS AS RABBIT FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It has been shown that the common dry foods for rabbits may be largely, and even entirely, dispensed with if dried plants figure in the diet. This is good news nowadays when it is so difficult to get much of the orthodox rabbit food. Many of the commonest weeds are the most suitable for the purpose. Suitable kinds, usually abundant around cultivated land, include such sorts as dandelion, groundsel, chickweed, shepherd's purse, plantain, bindweed, etc. Many weeds, often extremely common out in the country even close to towns, are perfectly wholesome for rabbits. A few kinds which have been tried with excellent results are coltsfoot, chicory, hedge-parsley, wild parsnip, sowthistle, mallow, comfrey, clover, etc. Plants which are known to be poisonous, and should therefore be avoided at all costs, are all the nightshades, foxglove, scarlet pimpernel, any of the sorrels, and hemlock. This last plant is often confused with other unbelliferous species, such as cow parsley, but it may be distinguished by the following features: The hemlock has a slender growth, a perfectly smooth stem which is spotted with purple. The finely divided leaves are also quite smooth. Unhappily, rabbits seem to have little power of discrimination, and a bunny will make a good meal from hemlock foliage, usually with fatal results. But the number of good plants is so large that there never need be any shortage of weeds that are perfectly wholesome. Grass may also be collected for drying, the manner of which is on the following lines: When the weather is warm and dry the work may be carried on out of doors. The collected weeds are strewn thinly on the ground, and they are turned about much after the manner of hay. When they feel crisp to the touch they are ready for storing in a dry place. As long as damp does not get at them they will keep indefinitely. In unsuitable weather the weed drying may be carried out more slowly, but quite as well, under cover. A shed or an attic would be suitable for the purpose. A dust sheet, or any large piece of material, should be stretched out between four supports such as chairs. The sheet is tied firmly at the four corners. The weeds are then spread out in a layer and repeatedly turned. The drying process is much hastened if it can be arranged that a current of air passes through the apartment. The weeds should be quite dry or after storage they will tend to become mouldy. Rabbit keepers would find it pay to collect and stow away quantities of weeds for winter use. These will often tide one over a difficult time.—S. LEONARD BASTIN.

"PUDDING AND JAME."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“Elecampane” seems satisfactorily accounted for, but the rhyme, as I remember it fifty years ago in Essex, was:

“What is your name?
Pudding and Jame.
Where do you live?
Down the lane.”

Can anyone suggest a meaning to “Pudding and Jame”? I thought memory might have misled me, but came across an allusion to “Pudding and Jame” a few days ago in an old book of “Penny Readings” by Manville Fenn.—H. M. S.

SPOTS ON PRINTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On some old engravings (framed) in my possession curious circular patches of what appears to be a fungoid growth grey in colour have been appearing for the last six months. They do not spread much, but spoil the appearance of the prints. Can you tell me how to remove them without injuring the prints? and to what they are to be attributed? I may add that the prints hang on a dry wall and have not been disturbed in their frames for many years.—COLLECTOR.

[The spots you describe certainly sound like mildew, and may be caused—if your wall is absolutely dry—by moisture coming through a window near. If there is any doubt of the dryness of the wall, a small piece of cork fixed at each corner of the picture should prevent further damage. The method recommended for cleaning engravings is as follows: Place the engraving, face upward, on a smooth board or shallow tray; mix salt and lemon-juice in proportions as nearly equal as will allow of their being fluid. Pour these over the engraving and subsequently remove by tilting the tray and pouring over boiling water until all is gone. To get a perfect effect the engraving should be laid on a sheet of glass or zinc (rubbed with French chalk to ensure perfect smoothness) and ironed on the back with a small, smooth iron not too hot. As this must be done before the print is perfectly dry it is a difficult matter. But it would be safer and wiser, if the prints are at all valuable, to send them to a professional cleaner.—ED.]

COVENT GARDEN PIAZZA.

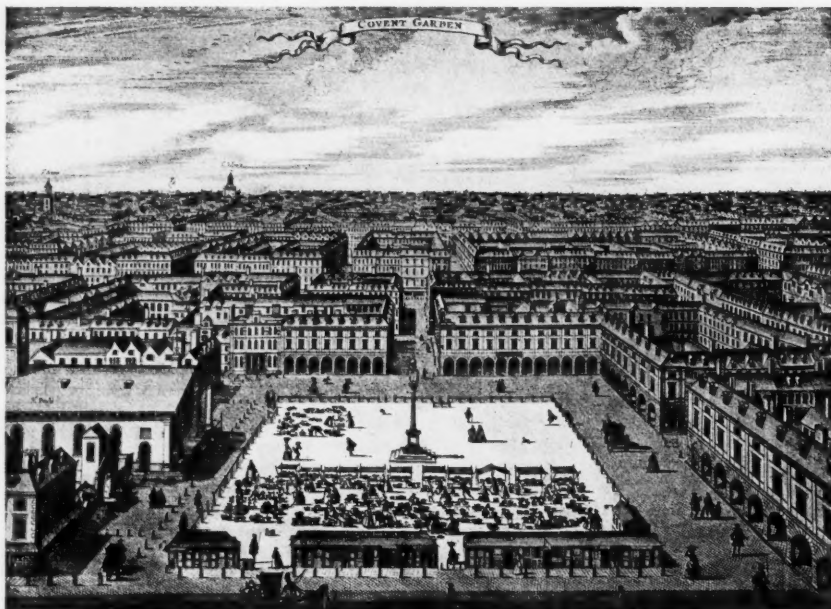
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Replying to the letter from your correspondent “F.S.A.” in your last issue, may I point out that the church on the western side, which still happily remains, was built by letters patent in 1635 and consecrated in 1638, and that the cost is placed at the low figure of £1,500. It must be remembered, however, that what we see now is a restoration by Hardwick after the fire of 1795. Just before that date it had been restored and faced with stone, and I think that it is not generally known that the wide-spreading roof was covered with pantiles. Soane, who minutely studied the work of Inigo Jones, mentions this fact, and says that it looked very much better when tiled, as one may easily imagine, though how the wet was kept out at that low pitch is difficult to say. So far as I know, pantiles came into England in Georgian days, and I presume that if tiled by Jones it must have been with tiles either of the English flat type or possibly with some variant of the Roman or Italian pattern. In the



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF COVENT GARDEN MARKET, CIRCA 1811.

From the Hummums.



GENERAL VIEW OF COVENT GARDEN LOOKING NORTH, CIRCA 1720.

From an engraving by Sutton Nicholls.

church many notable people are buried, such as Dr. Samuel Butler, Peter Pindar, Sir Robert Strange, and Sir Peter Lely. The last but one was the interesting engraver who protested so vehemently on the subject of the early exclusion of engravers from the, then, new Royal Academy. He had Jacobite connections and was in the rising of 1745, his wife being the sister of Andrew Lumsden, the Chevalier's Secretary in Rome. He addressed a remarkable open letter to the Earl of Bute about a pair of portraits of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George III) and the favourite, which he had dared to decline to engrave. The unpopular favourite was credited with the Wolsey-like exclamation on the artist's refusal, "We will never forget it." Strange, who could not be prevailed upon to remain silent, protests that he was falsely suspected of a Jacobitish insult, and that his sole reasons were, first, the inadequate remuneration proposed for what he said must be the work of four years, and secondly, the urgency of his tour to Italy, which must otherwise have been fatally postponed. In Italy he was the guest of Sir Horace Mann at Florence, and there are various notices of his performances in engraving and drawing from the old masters in the Walpole correspondence.—THE CURATOR OF THE SOANE.

